

TIMES PRECIOUS JEWEL, OR, A DIALOGUE between a YOUNG-MAN and DEATH. BEING

Seasonable Warning for Youth to Forsake their Sins, and to lead a Religious Life :
Lest Death Surprize them, and Repentance comes too late.

This may be Printed, R. M.



Youth.

While Youthful Blood is flowing in my Veins
And Providence Prosperity ordains ;
The Glory of this World I here will view,
And her sweet Baits will eagerly pursue :
I'll search Earths Bowels, cross the roaring Seas,
I'll break my rest, nay, forfeit all my ease,
So I may but arrive to that degree,
As to inrich my whole Posterity.

Death.

Forbear fond Youth, and be not so profuse,
For I am come to bring unwelcome News ;
Thy tender Thread of Life is at an end,
Into Eternity thy Soul I'll send.

Youth.

What sudden Tydings soundeth in mine Ear ?
Pray wherefore do you now seem so severe ?
Forbear a while your Fury fierce and hot,
I solemnly protest I know you not ;
Nor did I ever see your Face before,
Depart I say, come not a near me more.

Death.

I am the Great Ambassador, call'd Death,
Who does deprive all Mortals of their Breath,
Where e're I come, there's none dare say me No,
And you shall feel my power e're I go :
Here in my Hand behold my Fatal Dart !
Which suddenly shall penetrate thy heart.

Youth.

Stand back pale Death, do not approach so near
My Person now, for why, the Case is clear,
That you so soon was never sent to me,
Behold I'm Youthful, Strong and Stout, you see :
Extend thy spight to those that lies in Tears,
For I am Youthful, and of tender Years.

Death.

Tho' you are in the Glory of your prime,
Yet you must hence, 'tis your appointed time :
Where is the brave Victorious Alexander,
Who in his Days was the whole worlds Commander

Where are those Heros Fam'd in high Renown,
Whose Noble Actions merited a Crown ?
Youth, Beauty, Strength, and Wealth, cannot obtain
No Favour from me, nor one Minute gain,
For my Imperial power is from on High,
God has decreed that thou this day shall Dye,
Therefore poor Mortal, do not think to save
Thy self, by fair Excuses, from a Grave.

Youth.

O tell me not that I this World shall leave
So soon, for why, it makes my Soul to grieve,
Fain would I live to soar on Wings of Fame,
To purchase here a long and lasting Name ;
With Honour here I fain would be possest,
Be kind, pale Death, and grant me my Request.

Death.

Wert thou Adorned with a Royal Robe,
And w'st Supreme of all the Earthly Globe,
And many thousand Knees before you bow,
Yet I one Minutes time cannot allow,
Cæsus, whose Gold surpass'd the Indian Wealth,
Could not one Minute add unto his Health :
This failing, shews all things are Transitory,
Both the Worlds Riches, and its lasting Glory ;
Therefore depend not here on things below,
But place thy thoughts whereas true Riches flow ;
Lay hold on Faith, Repent thy Sins, for why,
Thy Glass is run, and thou this day must Dye.

Youth.

Whose Sorrow in the world is like to mine ?
O let me Live my Actions to refine ;
Here with thy Dart pray do not me affil,
For longer Life let Youthfulness prevail.

Death.

I never granted Favour on those terms,
Thy Youthful Friend shall make a Feast for Worms ;
Thy dear-bought Soul shall take its flight also,
To perfect Bliss or Everlasting Woe.

Youth.

That Word of thine strikes Terror to my Soul,
A'nt my Sins are many, fools and

O grant me but a Season to Repent,
For fear I am to Endless sorrow sent,
I never thought of this my Dying day,
But I spent in Sin, my precious time away,
My former Sins come fresh into my mind,
O that I might of thee this favour find,
To fit myself for thee before I go,
Pity those Tears that from mine eyes do flow.

Death.

My name is Death, I am pale,
You must with me, and this vain World forsake ;
Pray was not you endu'd with time and space,
Then wherefore did you slight the means of Grace ?
You knew full well this time would come at last,
When as your fading Pleasures all were past,
When you were in your full Prosperity,
You oftentimes beheld Mortality,
In e'ry Street where you were pleas'd to roam,
Conveying to their long and lasting home,
Methinks the sound of e'ry Passing Bell,
Might have learn'd you the way of living well,
But now it is too late, and therefore you
Must hence with me, and bid the world adieu.

Youth.

My Dying Minute's come, and I must be
Launch'd to the Ocean of Eternity ;
But yet, alas ! my Sins does cause much woe,
O that the Lord in love would Favour show,
In whom indeed, alone I put my trust,
Thou art both Gracious, Merciful and Just :
O pardon me, ev'n for thy Mercies sake,
And then with Sighs and Tears bid heart adieu.

*Both Old and Young that bear their Lives,
Prepare your selves against your Dying Day,
The Younger Person here, for me to say,
May soon be laid low, and never more may rise,
Our Lives, alas ! are but a kind of Dream,
And there is no Remembrance after Death.*

F.I.N.I.S.